To the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

By a Foxhunter.

WHAT the devil Jack have you done with yourself these two months past? I expected you for several mornings to attend the chace, as usual, but not a word could I hear of you, till last week your favourite Miss B— told me you was grown remarkably *serious* all at once; on going a few Sundays ago to hear a canting, whining, Methodist Parson at your parish church, I find you are become quite a *new* man; not a word of foxhunting now must pass your lips, I am told, but all you have got to say is about

about your soul and *another* world, where a fox or a hare (poor innocent creatures) are to be excommunicated, together with the hunters of them, forever. What, my good friend, are you such a d——d fool as to believe there are no foxhunters in Heaven*? The Lord have mercy upon us all then, say I! the devil may take such Whitfeldite preachers for me. Oh how I should enjoy it to see such canting fellows well ducked in a horse-pond, and hung up to dry upon a gallows at Tyburn.

But to be serious, I am to have three or four of our hearty old friends

* This is the language of modern foxhunters, as well as of all the servants of the devil.